Home Magazine

THE RUINED HOUSE.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

"RIGHT or wrang, it is my house up to the roof."

The house in question was the grand old manor house of Sweetheart, a gray, lichen-covered building of the days of the Plantagenets, and standing in its half-neglected beauty among stately old gardens full of perennial youth and loveliness.

"Right or wrang, it is my house up to the roof."

The speaker, an old, powerfully built man, repeated the assertion in a tone that might be only decisive, but which young Tom Sweetheart took to be extremely offensive.

"You say so, Dykes. I only know that, as steward of Sweetheart, you have become a rich man and that your master has just died, ruined and broken-hearted."

"He would molder his money away in daftlike speculations. He would not heed me. I wish he had."

"You are a scoundrel, Dykes; but ill-doing and ill-spending force me to deal with you. On what terms can I have Sweetheart back again?"

"I'll niver refuse any sum that pays me for my outlay. I'm no just daft for Sweetheart; there are bonnier bits in England than it is."

"Is there anything that once belonged to Sweetheart that is mine?"

"The twelve cottages in Whitehaven called Lowther's Row; they bring in about a hundred pounds a year."

"Anything else?"

"That great ring on your finger."

Tom looked proudly at the great uncut sapphires and said:

"Not so; it is my gage to the old home. I'll win it back if fair fortune comes to fair endeavor. Nay, sooner than sell it I would let you have it, Dykes; for if you wronged my father, you are the first Dykes that ever wronged a Sweetheart in 600 years! The ring must finally go with the lands."

Dykes made no answar; his arms were across the table and his head in them. Tom almost believed that he was crying, and for one moment was tempted to say a kinder farewell. But he did not, and on further reflection was glad he did not. Indeed, he rather congratulated himself upon the temperate way in which he had taken the shameful wrong done him, for Tom at this time could imagine no circumstances in which it would have been right for such an old servant of Sweetheart to sit as master in its halls.

Dykes had made a suggestion, however, about Tom's getting employment from his cotton-spinning Uncle Peale, and he determined to go and see him before he made any further move. What kind of a man he might be Tom had not the least idea, for in those days people did not distribute photographs broadcast, and a cotton spinner was an unknown person in Tom's little world. He found him a very imposing-looking man—tall, stout, blond, with his hands in his pockets and that air of "What have I got to pay?" about him—rather common to rich Englishmen. He looked indifferently at the tall, handsome fellow who lifted his hat and approached him until Tom, in his usual confident bonhomie, said:

"Good morning, Uncle. How do you do?"

"Eh! By George! Uncle! Why, who are you?"

"Tom Sweetheart."

"God bless you, Tom. Why, I never thought of such a thing. You are welcome, sir; very welcome."

Tom indeed could not know how welcome, for the one bit of romance that Josiah Peale cherished was the memory of his love match with the beautiful Mary Sweetheart, the late Baron's sister.

Mary had lived only ten months after the marriage, and after her death and Josiah's second marriage the Sweethearts had quite ignored the temporary connection; but still that ten months lay in Josiah's memory like a charmed interval, love-laden and rose-colored.

Mrs. Peale was equally ready to like such a cheery, splendid-looking youth. Her own two daughters had long been married—one was in Bradford, the other in Halifax. She was very glad of some new object in her monotonous life, and very soon the stately house of the Peales began to be thrown open, and to echo, young light footsteps and laughter and song.

Josiah, though very sensitive to the glory of his high mercantile position, had all the Englishman's veneration for "family," his connection with the house of Sweetheart divided with his commercial success his proudest and deepest sentiments. When, therefore, after Tom had been a year in the mills, he added the old name of Sweetheart to the firm, he felt that everything had been done for the honor of the house of Peale that was possible.

Nearly three years passed, and so happily that Tom began to forget his purpose, and to feel that ring on his finger a reproach. For he was spending all his income, and his uncle had frankly told him that a share in the firm was all that he could justly give him. One day, when he was very dissatisfied with himself, he thought he would go home and talk things freely over with his aunt. On entering her parlor he found it darkened, and she came forward with an three years' absence at school. Her horses took fright and she was thrown out and brought back here. Poor little Nellie!"

Tom stood looking looking a moment at the exquisite face, the loosened glory of the rich brown hair and the graceful, girlish figure, and went out on tiptoe a completely enthralled and charmed man. Every meeting with Nellie made him more so, and

"And his daughter will have a great fortune?"

"I don't think she is his daughter. Seems to me her mother was Broadbent's sister. But, daughter or niece, it is all one; she will have everything. Not much chance there, Tom, unless you have money with your birth."

But for some reason best known to himself and his aunt, Tom thought differently. Mrs. Peale, indeed,

WEIGHING HIS CHANCES.

"WHAT CHANCES WERE THERE IN HIS FAVOR?"

imperative "hush!" pointing to a couch whereon lay a beautiful girl in a sleep.

"She has had an accident and a narcotic, and must not be awakened."

"Who is she?"

"Eleanor Broadbent."

"How lovely she is! Why is she here?"

"She has been unexpectedly calling on me after being on terms of frankest confidence with his uncle, he very soon asked, "What chances were there in his favor? Would his gentle blood stand for anything?"

"Not a farthing's worth with old Broadbent. He came to Manchester without a crown and considers the Mayor of Manchester quite as great a person as a royal duke."

laughed at her husband's doubts, and thought, "Nellie Broadbent would choose for herself." Doubtless Mrs. Peale knew that she had reasons for her confident opinions. Anyway, Tom began now to seriously improve the business advantages his uncle had so generously opened to him, and no sooner had he set his heart on making money than everything set with him in the direction.

He got a letter from Tatham, of Whitehaven, offering to give him £4,000 for his cottages, and before he could reply, Dykes, who had never noticed him since they parted, wrote and begged him on no account to sell just yet. The railway mania was just then beginning, and Josiah readily divined the cause of these letters.

"Some new company is needing yon land. Tom, I'd do what Dykes says, for he is a shrewd scoundrel, and, though I don't see his drift, I think here you may safely follow his lead."

So Tom refused Tatham's offer and very soon forgot it, for the frenzy, with Hudson as its leader, swept over England like an epidemic. Very few had strength to resist it, still fewer had wisdom to guide it for their own advantage. Old Broadbent made thousands and hundreds of thousands and then lost every shilling. Josiah Peale stubbornly refused to touch a bond, but his influence, and the fate of Nellie's father, hardly saved Tom. Some days he was almost ill-tempered with every one who said a prudent word to him.

One morning he found among his letters one from Tatham offering in the name of the Whitehaven and Lancaster Railway Company £20,000 for his cottages, the land on which they stood having become absolutely necessary for a station. Tom asked £30,000 and got it. Strangely enough, no sooner was the transaction completed than Dykes wrote, offering to sell Sweetheart back again for £30,000.

"The old rascal has got the railway fever; it will be your Nemesis, Tom. Will you accept his offer? Don't you think you could do better with the £30,000?"

Tom hesitated, and his uncle watched him keenly. But it was only for a moment. His eyes fell upon the ring, and he said:

"It may be a foolish sentiment to you, uncle, but to me it is the redemption of my word and honor. I shall go and buy Sweetheart back to-morrow."

"Good lad! You will be none the worse merchant for being a gentleman; and they keep money best who keep truth and honor first. But why not go to-day?"

"I must see Broadbent about Nellie; they are in trouble and Nellie will feel every hour's delay a wrong."

"You'll get nothing there now, lad."

"All I want is Nellie. A gentleman values truth and honor and love above money, uncle."

Josiah laughed heartily.

"You have me there, Tom. Nellie is a good girl, and welcome to thee."

Mr. Broadbent's losses had inclined him to listen respectfully to Tom's offer.

"It is wonderful," he replied, "how often we lift the broken threads in life's warp. Nellie is not my daughter; she is my niece; but no daughter could be dearer; and she was born at Sweetheart. Now you ask her back there; it is strange enough."

"Nellie born at Sweetheart?"

"Yes, my sister married the steward. It was a most unhappy match; but we'll let the past alone. She left him when her daughter was five years old and came to me. With all her faults, she was my twin-sister, and I loved her."

Tom was almost staggered. He knew that Dykes's wife had left him, and he had heard that Dykes had a daughter. But it was the one subject the steward allowed no one to speak about, and Tom never dreamed that Eleanor Broadbent could be that daughter. It cost him a few minutes' fierce struggle to accept the circumstances, but he did it, and, before he left Nellie that night, had taught himself to believe that the father's debt was cancelled in the love and loveliness of the daughter.

He went to Sweetheart next day, and found both house and garden in such beautiful keeping that he rejoiced over and over in the prospect of being its master again. Dykes offered him his hand as he dismounted at the garden gate, and this time Tom took it. The old man's eyes were full of happy tears as he said:

"Thank God, you took my hand this time, sir."

"Yes, Dykes, and I have come back to ask you for the hand of your daughter. I shall be a miserable baron of Sweetheart unless Eleanor Dykes is its lady."

"My daughter! My daughter! Oh, Master Tom, where is she?"

Then Tom told Dykes all about his love, and this time the listener was eager as the lover. Before the sale of Sweetheart was mentioned Dykes and Tom were clasping each other's hand and promising to be eternally true to each other.

As soon as they were in the parlor Tom said:

"Now, father, I will buy back Sweetheart again."

"My dear lad, it has never been really mine. I told you that Sweetheart was ruined that I might save you. It nearly broke my heart when you left me yon black day, and it has been no light thing to bear my neighbors' ill-will and scorning. But you'll forgive me, Tom. I would never have been false save that I might be the more true to you, and I had your father's blessing on the plan."

"And your plan, my second father, has made a man of me, won me the dearest of friends and the best and loveliest of wives. I can make money as well as spend it now, and together we will make Sweetheart the most beautiful barony in Cumberland."

"For 600 years there has always been a Dykes to stand by a Sweetheart."

"And now they will soon own Sweetheart together."

People call Tom a cotton lord, and men who stick to their land and dignities affect to look down upon him. But to-day there is not a richer or happier man in the north country, and in his vast works and enterprises thousands take daily bread from his hands and bless him as the best as well as the noblest of masters.

Dykes and Uncle Josiah were equally proud of him, though sometimes they did not quite agree as to which of them had the greatest share in saving the ruined house of Sweetheart.—Pittsburg Gazette.

WHICH WOULD YOU SAVE?

A Juvenile Verdict.

I am a little boy eleven years old. If I were a fireman I would rather save my mother than my wife, because there is no one like my mother.
JOHN P. A. CAREY,
No. 139 East Forty-fourth street.

Would Choose Third Course.

Depends on his insight. If he regarded life as valuable merely for the amount of pleasure he could get out of it, then he would save himself and, being able to save but one other, would carry with him either mother or wife—there being no choice between these. But if he could have known that this life is only a training ground and that the sowing here is harvested elsewhere he would have said: "Mother! Wife! the hour has struck for us here. I cannot take one and leave the other, nor go alone. We must be brave together for a little while. We will be brave. We will meet again and know and love each other."
ROBERT L. BLAKEMAN,
No. 220 Broadway.

A Versical Opinion.

The Brooklyn fireman was in the right
When he saved his mother before his wife.
But why did he do it—can no one tell?—
In that moment of fiery hell?
On the brink of the window-sill he stopped,
Then made a dash through the smoke and the flame.
He seemed to be borne with outstretched arms
To the form of one whom he could not see harmed.
He caught her up in his big, strong arms,
And bore her safely to the ground,
For his mother had taken the place of another.
A man may have a hundred wives, but only one mother.
LEO WILLIAMS.

Owes More to Mother.

I think he should save his mother first. His mother brought him up and took care of him, and perhaps made him what he is to-day. In his boyhood he needed taking care of, and it was not his wife that took care of him, but his mother. When a man gets married he is supposed to be capable of taking care of himself and a family; so, therefore, he does not have to be taken care of by his wife, as he did by his mother in his boyhood. A man can have but one mother, but he may have more than one wife.
JAMES F. GRATTAN,
No. 680 East One Hundred and Forty-third street.

"The Highest Law."

Had he time to deliberate, and the opportunity of choice, he would save his wife. The mother, past her allotted three-score years and ten, her life work finished, awaiting the summons that must in any case come soon, would prefer, in the unselfishness of mother love, to see her daughter live. The young mother, with her little ones dependent upon her for care and counsel, is of one flesh and blood with her husband, and "self-preservation is the first law of Nature." A still higher law decrees "And a man shall leave father and mother, and cleave unto his wife."
AIMEE GREENE-ABBOTT,
No. 236 Eighth avenue.

Other Way Around.

Think of a man in a burning building. Imagine the mother and the wife standing outside. Now who would be the first one to enter that building to save, the man? The mother I am sure. A mother has been the friend of the son his whole life. The wife has been his friend probably not half that time. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind which Holdsworth should have saved, and I wish to say this: God bless that fireman.
C. MICHAELS.

Three Reasons for Saving Wife.

He should have saved his wife, for these three reasons: First, that he swore at the altar to love and protect his wife. Second, that she was the mother of his children, and for their sake alone he should have saved his wife first. Third, his mother was quite aged and she herself would have made that sacrifice, rather than leave his children motherless. The man is not to be blamed, as the mother commands first respect in all other instances.
DAVID CRYSTAL,
No. 272 West One Hundred and Thirteenth street.

The Wife.

The wife! "A man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they two shall be one flesh." Self-preservation then, the first law of nature, would command that the wife be saved. A man is only half a man without a wife. He has promised to love, cherish and protect her. She is the one to encourage, cheer and help him. In this case she was the mother of his children. Who could take a mother's place with them; who give that tender, unremitting care they need? The mother had lived the allotted three score years and ten.
W. VAN GAASBEEK,
No. 127 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn.

His Truest Friend.

Who could dare say that a mother's love is surpassed or equalled by that of any person in the world? Regardless of a crime her son stands convicted of, she loves him, and would sacrifice her own life if she could save him. We read of unhappy marriages, of estrangements and divorces, of wives who have forsaken their husbands and children, but I ask you who ever heard of a true boy forgetting his mother; she, whose vigil, by night and day, was constant and whose prayers were ever first for her boy?
ARTHUR HAGGSTROM,
No. 127 Clinton avenue, Brooklyn.

FIVE DOLLARS FOR THE BEST ANSWER.

A fireman ran up a ladder to a window in a burning building in Williamsburg.

At the window he found his old mother and his wife.

He could only carry one of them down the ladder.

Which should he take first, wife or mother?

The Evening World will pay $5 for the BEST ANSWER of 100 words, or less, to the question, telling which one he should save first and why. Address letters to "FIREMAN EDITOR," Evening World.

DAILY FASHION HINT.

For Women Readers of The Evening World.

To cut this suit for a boy of four years of age 4 yards of material 27 inches wide, 3 3-4 yards 32 inches wide or 3 yards 44 inches wide will be required.

The pattern (4144 is cut in sizes for boys of two and four years of age) will be sent for 10 cents.

Send money to "Cashier, The World, Pulitzer Building, New York City."

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S CHRONIC SMILE.

It is lost—this art—but I am anxious to persuade myself that it is not so far lost as to be irrecoverable.

I blame America for this scourge of smiles, says Muriel Dowie in the Westminster Gazette. Fifty years ago—that is, before the American conquest of London—I don't believe brightness was even so much as heard of, let alone seen, admired and practiced as it is to-day. We have transferred it, in imitation of America, to the faces of our women.

Here is the difference, then, between the English and American woman. The American woman really is naturally bright; the English woman is not, and she, in desperation, counterfeits brightness with a smile. One must try to be perfectly fair; one may find the unceasing brightness of the American tiresome, even excessively tiresome; but it is nothing like so tiresome as the counterfeited, monkey-polish brightness which exists quite apart from the ability to say or think anything that is bright.

The self-confidence, the unexpectedness, the unabashedness, the originality and the naivete, which in this country at least (for I believe it is different when they are at home, or, at least, sometimes different) has come to be the conventional pattern of the American girl, is a definite concrete expression of some quality of mind and outlook. You may or may not like it all the time, rain or shine, Sundays and week days, saints' days and bank holidays; but it has cleverness, freshness, and, above all, sincerity behind it.

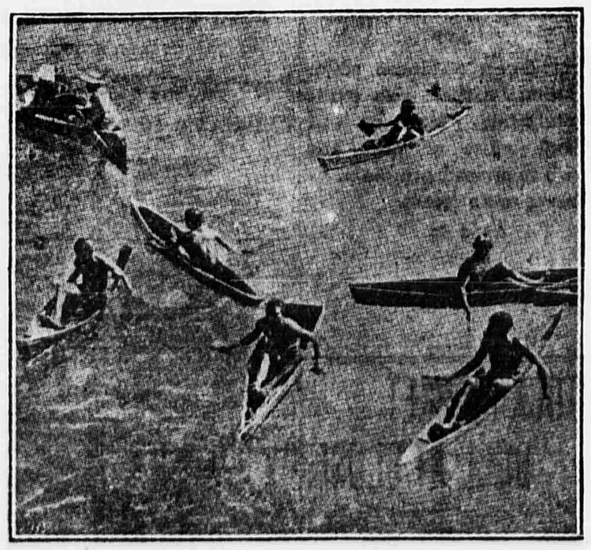
Our English brightness very seldom has. This is almost, but not quite, the whole trouble. When an English woman, newer mode, is a little above the average in wit, in charm (the average of charm is very high), in beauty and general desirability (again I am inclined to say the average is very high; it is certain that we are accustomed to extremely pretty and desirable women, in no country I have visited are there anything like so many), it is not in that quality of brightness that the thing is naturally or suitably displayed.

English people, when really humorous, which I venture to say is seldom, have a dry humor—a grave, controlled, but an inimitable humor. It is rare, but that, I think, is its description when they have it. Generally speaking, they have facetiousness. Perhaps it is humor of a sort, for one does not know what else to call it—but it is the littlest and least sort of humor that ever claimed to wear the comic mask.

People seem so accustomed to it that it has become the general wear in conversation. At a party it surges and buzzes round you like a plague of gnats; it never really bites in or makes any deep effect, it just tickles—in time irritates—and keeps the risible muscles in a constant silly play. It is emptier than a jug with a hole in it; no memory of it remains to you after you have crossed the threshold on your way home; it causes you to meet the raw opacity of the street air as the gratefulest of balms and unguents; it gives rise to that almost tearfully tender feeling of gratitude to people who make and people who drive cabs; the joy—oh, the poignant joy!—of that damp blue cab after a London afternoon.

Only in moments of calm reflection (one of which enveloped me this morning ere I took pen) does one pause to consider what a curse this aped brightness, this incontinent facetiousness, this unwearied but so wearying trick of smiling has become.

WATER-BOYS OF MARTINIQUE.



One of the most original sights of Martinique was the horde of water-boys, who crowded about each incoming steamer to beg, to peddle or to dive for coins. Each boy sat in the bottom of a tiny, primitive boat barely large enough to support even his light weight. These boats they propelled with great swiftness, using only their hands or little slabs of wood for paddles.

CUSTOMS OF THE MOROS.

The Moro, or native of the Jolo (Sulu) islands, is seldom seen without a weapon of some kind. The costume he wears consists generally of a, many-colored turban, an ordinary short-sleeved plain shirt and close fitting trousers of some bright color. The material for their clothing they weave themselves. A belt, or, more properly speaking, a sash, through which he fastens his knife, completes the costume. It is only the chiefs who wear shoes. Next to his knife his most valued possession is a small box, also carried wrapped in the sash, which holds a supply of betel nuts, which he incessantly chews.

He is a vegetarian, and only on rare occasions does he partake of meat. The Moros live practically on the fruits and herbs to be found throughout their own islands. They are rather short of stature, but strong and possess wonderful powers of endurance.

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

Applies Balm to Wounded Hearts.

To Err Is Human, to Forgive Divine

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

A young lady and gentleman are keeping company. The young man gets into a little trouble through bad associations. He writes the young lady a letter, telling her of the facts, and says that under the circumstances he would not see her again until he was clear from any stain on his character. The young man turned over a new leaf, settled all claims against him, through his own efforts, and is to-day all that a young man could be. Would you advise the young lady to accept his suit again? She still loves him.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

The lady should feel proud of a lover who has shown such strength of character. The young man's resolute determination to redeem the past, and his sturdy and successful battling with the heavy odds against him, prove that he is worthy of respect from all who love true manliness. The sweetheart whom he was unwilling to burden with his disgrace may well be willing and even glad to share his better future. I think she missed a beautiful opportunity if she withheld her womanly influence and sympathy during the days when he was trying to reform. A good woman is often a man's best inspiration to be good and noble himself.

The Plaint of a Jersey Lad.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I am in love with a young lady, and have called at her home and have been writing to her quite often, but she always waits until I write her two letters to her one. Then she answers the first one, and makes no excuse for not answering it earlier. I suppose because I come from Jersey she thinks I am slow, but she is very much mistaken.

JERSEY LAD.

I am inclined to approve of the girl who is not too eager to write letters.

Perhaps instead of thinking you slow the young lady feels that your letters follow each other too rapidly to be answered as promptly as you desire. Do not be foolish about such a matter. Your correspondence will be pleasanter and your friendship with the young lady much more lasting if you consider her wishes as well as your own. Suppose you omit your usual second letter to her and wait for her reply to the last one you mailed before hastily writing again. Or you might make an arrangement with her for sending and receiving letters on some regular days of the month. Appreciate the lady's graciousness in writing at all, and do not criticise her motives when she seems dilatory or infrequent with her replies. You are suffering from wounded pride, for which the remedy is entirely in your own hands.

WHAT DETAINED HIM?

An up-country pastor posted on his church door the following notice: "Brother Smith departed for Heaven at 4.30 A. M." On the next day he found written below: "Heaven—9.40 P. M.—Smith not in yet. Great anxiety."

BOER WAR CHRONOLOGY.

The following chronology of the Boer war, from the Pittsburg Gazette, is interesting as marking the principal events of one of the fiercest conflicts of recent years. It is worth cutting out and saving for future reference:

1899.

Oct. 1—Kruger's ultimatum.
Oct. 12—Boers invade Natal.
Oct. 13—British fall back on Ladysmith.
Oct 15—Buller despatched to seat of war.
Oct. 20—Siege of Kimberley begun.
Oct. 29—Siege of Ladysmith begun.
Oct. 30—Boers capture sortie party of 870 at Ladysmith.
Nov. 6—Boers shell Mafeking.
Nov. 26—Battle of Modder River.
Dec. 10—Gatacre lost 1,000 men at Stormburg.
Dec. 11—Gen. Wauchope killed at Sypfontein.
Dec. 15—Battle of Tugela. Buller defeated with loss of 1,000 men and eleven guns.
Dec. 15—Lord Roberts ordered to Africa.
Dec. 31—Lord Roberts takes command of 250,000 men.

1900.

Feb. 15—Frenche relieves Kimberley.
Feb. 27—Cronje surrenders 4,000 men and six guns.
Feb. 28—Buller relieves Ladysmith.
March 13—Bloemfonstein surrenders to Roberts.
March 27—Joubert dies.
June 5—Pretoria surrenders.
July 29—Gen. Prinsloo surrenders 3,343 men.
Sept. 1—Transvaal annexed.
Sept. 12—Ex-President Kruger starts for Europe.
Nov. 12—Kitchener takes comina id.
Dec. 12—Lord Roberts starts for England.

1901.

Feb. 3—Modderfontein captured by the Boers.
Feb. 6—30,000 reinforcements leave England.
April 10—Negotiations for peace by Botha.
May 25—Plummer supply train captured by Boers.
May 29—Delarey destroys Seventh Yeomanry.
June 12—200 Victorian Rifles captured.
June 20—Midland Rifles captured.
Aug. 7—Kitchener issues proclamation of banishment.
Sept. 16—Stein's commando captured.
Sept. 17—Gough's three companies captured.
Oct. 9—Martial law in Cape Colony.
Nov. 1—Benson loses twenty-five officers and 214 men.

1902.

March 8—Delarey captures Methuen and destroys his command.
March 23—Peace negotiations begun.
March 26—Death of Cecil Rhodes.
May 31—Terms of surrender signed.